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## WARD'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

IT would be a pleasure were we able to record that the latest addition to the statues set up in the public places of New York is a successful piece of work. Next to the late Hiram Powers, Mr. Ward is probably the most widely known to Americans of all our sculptors, and the choice of the committee looking about for a person to make the colossus which was to be set up in Wall Street on Evacuation Day naturally fell to him; indeed, it is safe to say that had the matter been put to a popular vote the election would have been his by a handsome majority. But the result is, it must be confessed, far from satisfactory. How much of the failure is distinctly the fault of the sculptor, and how much is due to the undeniably mistaken location of the statue, is not easy to determine. That the statue must come in for a large share is, however, only too evident. Grant that the architect into whose hands the placing of the statue was put failed grievously to consider the matter in its relations to the size and character of the building to which the sculptor's work is an adjunct, as well as in relation to the situation of the building and the view to be obtained of the statue from the approaches. It is nevertheless true that the sculptor has failed as grievously in not considering how his work was to stand related to the same conditions. Here we may see how great would be the gain were it established as a rule in all such cases that a model of the proposed statue should be set up on the spot where it is proposed to place it, and subjected to a year's popular criticism before it is accepted. Had this been done in the present instance, Mr. Hunt would doubtless have seen for himself that he had made a mistake in placing the statue where it dwarfs the building, interferes with its lines, obstructs the approach to the entrance, and is without a precedent in classic practice. We are told that Mr. Hunt found a precedent in the bema, the platform on which the orators stood to address the public in Athens. But even supposing that the bema was placed as this platform is, we may suggest that in the first place no orator whose name has come down to us was thirteen feet high, and in the next place that, no matter how high he may have been, he was not a fixed ornament, nor could have been used as a permanent standard by which to measure the building itself and belittle it. The proper place for the statue is on the platform at the west end of the steps, and if it is to be retained at all in front of the Sub-Treasury Building, we hope it may some day be removed to that position. Had a model of the statue been set up provisionally we have no doubt that Mr. Ward's practical sense would have led him to alter the pose of the figure so far as to make the advanced leg of Washington look less a flying buttress to a cathedral, and that he would have contrived some way to make us feel more secure of the ability of the other leg to support its owner. The face, too, would have been remodelled with a view to the fact that it is looked at from below and not from a level, and we should have been spared the querulous and discontented expression with which the hero now appears to survey the world about him. The neck, too, might have been less suggestive of dislocation, but probably no real neck could bear without distortion the strain of the voluminous mantle that in obedience to a wearisome old convention has been used as a support to the figure. To make all these radical changes would doubtless be to make a new statue, but we are mistaken if the public would not to-day cheerfully accept such an alternative.

BEYOND the ticket-office at the Art Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design, there are only two things for sale. These are the profusely illustrated catalogue and the Portfolio of autographic literary contributions and original sketches by leading American artists. The one sells for a dollar a copy, and is cheap at the price; the other, at the market value of its contents, ought to bring not less than twenty-five hundred dollars. For these valuable aids to the exhibition fund, the chief credit is due respectively to A. W. Drake, the untiring chairman of the Catalogue Committee, and to Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, through whose personal efforts the work of the artists and litterateurs for the Portfolio were chiefly obtained. Illustrations are contributed to the catalogue by F. S. Church, Arthur Quartley, G. W. Edwards,

Robert Blum, W. M. Chase, Camille Piton, G. R. Halm, Roger Riordan, F. Lungren, Harry Fenn, J. C. Beard, W. Taber, W. H. Drake, Henri Bouché and F. Lathrop. The Catalogue Committee acknowledges its indebtedness to THE ART AMATEUR, among other publications, "for the loan of valuable cuts." THE ART AMATEUR acknowledges, in turn, its indebtedness to the courtesy of the Catalogue Committee for the use of many of the cuts which help to illustrate its account of the Loan Exhibition.

## My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Much Ado About Nothing.



TO the time of the present writing, the Feuardent-Cesnola slander suit has dragged along without, so far as one can foresee, much prospect of ending before Christmas. The witnesses for the plaintiff have been numerous, and their testimony does not seem to have been shaken in any important particular. Mr. Feuardent's own examination lasted several days. It consisted largely of a sort of lecture on Cypriote antiquities, diversified, for the benefit of the jury, by the introduction of objects in controversy from the Cesnola collection, with frequent references to illustrated books on the subject. The plaintiff proved to be an admirable witness, always keeping his temper and setting forth with great clearness his reasons for stating that numerous objects in the Cesnola collection had been fraudulently or ignorantly "restored." The plaintiff has "rested," and the defence has begun.

OUR American draughtsmen and American wood-engravers have seldom been seen to such advantage as in their work in Lippincott's edition de luxe of Gray's Elegy. There is not a poor illustration in the book, although the book perhaps is somewhat over-illustrated. The churchyard motive, for instance, occurs too often, although it must be admitted that it is always differently and always well treated. We first see it dimly in W. Hamilton Gibson's frontispiece, giving the general aspect of the church at Stoke Pogis. The best view is conceived by J. F. Murphy and cut by Sylvester; the picture is a gem, admirable in light, air, and distance. The same engraver has also appreciatively interpreted F. Hopkinson Smith's sweet woodland stream. Very charming, too, are William T. Richards's "bit" of churchyard, "Beneath that Yew Tree's Shade," cut by Hayman; H. Bolton Jones's view cut by Lauderbach, and J. B. Sword's conception of a similar motive. Frost has never done anything more lifelike and spirited than his "Village Hampden," confronting "the little tyrant of his fields," which G. P. Williams has engraved very well. Smedley's orator is somewhat stiff, and Hovenden has not made the most of the lines intrusted to him. In figure drawing the gems of the book are C. H. Reed's cut of Mary Hallock Foote's peaceful old farmer and daughter, illustrating the line "Far from the madding crowd," and Hayman's interpretation of F. S. Church's charming idyllic conception of "The Paths of Glory Lead but to the Grave."

"SOME Modern Artists and their Work" is an attractive, profusely illustrated book published by Cassell & Co. It is compiled by Wilfrid Meynell chiefly from The Magazine of Art. Nearly all the leading English painters are noticed, as well as Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur and Munkacsy. The same publishers send "Familiar Wild Birds," by W. Swainsland, which, with its numerous colored plates, will be a welcome gift book for the young. A timely publication from this house is a short biography of Martin Luther translated from the German of Julius Köstlin. Florence Lewis's book on china painting, with sixteen colored plates, is also published by Cassell & Co. It is worth more space than can be given in this notice.

PERHAPS the most original holiday volume of the season, at least in conception, is "The World's Christmas Hymn," a quarto published by Randolph & Co., containing appropriate selections from English poets, ranging from Chaucer to Jean Ingelow. Twelve

artotype reproductions are given of paintings by the old masters pertinent to Christmas. The binding, made to resemble a glazed tile, is not successful.

CERTAINLY the most artistic volume recently published in this country is Cassell & Co's. splendid folio, "Original Etchings by American Artists," with critical letter-press by S. R. Koehler. Glancing at the pages, two plates strike me as remarkably good—the "Ponte Vecchio," by Joseph Pennell, and "Canal Boats on the Thames," by Charles A. Platt. Such etchings as these two would win fame for the artists in any country and at any time. Excellent also are "Drive Away Dull Care," by J. M. Gaugengigl; the "Three Cows," by J. Foxcroft Cole; "Twilight," by J. A. S. Monks, and "The Mora Players," by Frederick Dielman. Nearly all the best American etchers are represented. The plates are well printed, and the letter-press is faultless. The volume, altogether, is eminently deserving of detailed criticism, and this note must serve only to direct to it the attention of buyers, until due justice can be done to it.

WITHOUT the aid of the preliminary prize competition of artists, to which we have grown accustomed of late years, L. Prang & Co. have, in due season, brought out their Christmas and New Year cards, and it does not appear that the quality of the production has suffered materially in consequence. It is true that there is no figure composition of importance—nothing like Dora Wheeler's "Light of the World" or the graceful fancies of Rosina Emmett—but the average excellence of the designs is satisfactory. As usual, the floral pieces are least open to criticism. A new motive for a Christmas card is the representation of a procession of flat, conventionally drawn Egyptians each bearing aloft a lamp which reveals to them, presumably—although their eyes are not directed to it—a vision of the infant Saviour. Another is "The Christmas Sheaf," a dyptich card cut in that form: birds are feeding from a sheaf of wheat sprinkled with snow—which is not a particularly bright idea. In execution the cards are up to Prang's usual high standard of excellence.

A MR. BORNICHE died in Paris last spring, and left to his heirs no less than 28,750 pictures. In the course of this winter a first instalment of eight thousand pictures will be sold at the Hôtel Druot. The first auction was to have begun in December. In order not to glut the market, the collection is to be disposed of in 150 sales, each of three days' duration, and to spread over a period of five years. Such a collection and such a sale is unparalleled, and centuries will doubtless pass before the world will see the like of it. Who was Borniche? the reader will ask. M. Borniche was formerly a wood merchant. He made a fortune, retired and became church warden of his parish and the providence of necessitous painters. For now nearly twenty years it has been known among the painters of Montmartre, of the Rue Notre Dame des Champs and of all other quarters where painters dwell, that M. Borniche bought pictures. No matter how good or how bad a picture was he would buy it, and no matter how good it was he never paid more than \$5 for it.

BORNICHE you see was an original, a maniac if you like, but the certainty of getting a louis was an immense attraction, and there are few modern French painters, even the most famous, who have not at one time or another rung at Borniche's door with a little canvas under their arm.

THE expert charged with the sale is M. Haro, a person of extreme ingenuity and device, who some months ago narrowly escaped imprisonment on the charge of swindling the widow of the painter Lehmann by falsifying the figures of a packing account.

SINCE the passage by Congress of the all but prohibitory bill against the importation of foreign paintings, our American dealers have made comparatively few purchases in Europe—hardly any, in fact, except what could be brought into port before the act went into effect last July. But they will probably be the largest buyers at the Borniche sale, and the country will be flooded with artistic rubbish, which would have been excluded if Congress, instead of passing the absurd ad valorem bill, had adopted the suggestion of THE ART AMATEUR that a uniform tax of \$100 be